





## THE NEWS PICKLE

Taken Out of the Editorial Jar of Georgia.

Jumping Into a Well—Mistaken for a White Man—A Business Woman—A Brave Family—Other Items.

Carrollton wants a bank.

Webster county lost thirteen bridges by the spring rains, and travel is suspended until they can be rebuilt.

Judge J. A. Anley, of Americus, is collecting a history of the 12th Georgia regiment.

Professor E. C. Kinnel, formerly principal of the Ivy street school, Atlanta, has started an academy in Watkinsville. Of him the Enterprise writes:

Mr. Kinnel was for a professor in one of the public schools in Atlanta for several months past, but for satisfactory reasons gave up his position there and has come back to the scenes of former days. Professor Kinnel taught school at this place several years ago, giving entire satisfaction, and our people are glad to have him return. There is no place that needs a good school more than this place, and we hope the people, both of this county and country, will patronize Mr. Kinnel liberally.

Major Robert Slappey, of Twiggs county, has a record of which no man, perhaps, in the state can boast. He is now in his 75th year, and for the past 55 years has attended every session of the superior court of his county but once. All this long period he has enjoyed almost perfect health, and his physical advanced age is active and robust as many men of half his years.

The Cochran correspondent of the Dodge County Journal writes:

Miss Annie McCormick, one of Hawkinsville's most charming young ladies, was in town today, and made a number of friends and many names among our people. She is a very attractive young lady, and her presence here is a great pleasure to all who know her. She is a very attractive young lady, and her presence here is a great pleasure to all who know her.

Hon. J. M. Atkinson, of Columbia county, is a candidate for re-election.

Mr. H. H. Kirkpatrick, a farmer of Pulaski county, finished cutting on the 20th of April, and finished his killing on the 20th. He began the extermination of rats in his crib in a resolute manner, and killed 215. He says he allowed only three to escape to tell the tale of their woes. The rats dropped during the winter thirty-five bushels of corn.

A remiss citizen of Macon says: That 1830 was a very remarkable year. He was a planter at that time. He planted his crop and succeeded in getting a good crop. He was a planter at that time. He planted his crop and succeeded in getting a good crop.

The LaGrange Reporter tells this remarkable story:

One of the most remarkable instances of Confederate patriotism on record is furnished by Troup county. Mr. R. H. Strong, Sr., known as "Uncle Bobbie," was bitterly opposed to secession and very outspoken in that opinion. So long as there was any chance to keep Georgia in the union, he labored with might and main to hold her to her allegiance. The moment, however, the state severed the tie, he was equally ardent in his efforts to sustain her. "Uncle Bobbie" had three sons of his own able to bear arms. These he sent to the front. Four orphaned boys, however, whom he had raised, resided under his roof. These he also gave to the confederacy. As this was not enough to show that the family were solid for the cause of the south, his two sons-in-law likewise enlisted in the army. So, in all, nine soldiers went out from one household to do battle for their country. To crown the sacrifice, the grand old patriarch then raised a company of volunteers. We do not suppose that the history of wars will show a more noble illustration of unselfish patriotism. Messrs. E. H. C. D. and J. H. Strong, and Mr. L. R. Rowland connected with this brave band, and they still live amongst us.

This mating season with the partridges, and the plaintive call of "Bob White" is heard a-field.

A member of a German ship building concern was in Abbeville, Wilcox county, a short time since in search of suitable timbers to be used by his firm in the construction of a vessel now under way. After considerable difficulty he found such a tree as he wanted, and willing to pay four hundred dollars for it, he offered the sum in payment therefor. This sounds pretty steep for a single tree, especially in a pine region like that, but the above statement is vouched for by parties who know it to be true.

Bob Hager, the big game hunter, who was sent from Hart county to the penitentiary for a term of six years for stealing his second wife's horse, in 1885, escaped from the convict camp a few days ago. A reward of \$50 has been offered for his apprehension. He swore vengeance against several gentlemen in Hartwell. If he should get out, but it is not likely that he will run the risk of recapture by returning to Hartwell.

A gentleman from the north, who is spending some time in America, has an old foreign silver coin about the size of a dollar that he values very highly, in that it was given him as a keepsake by his father many years ago. The American Republicans say that a few days ago he accidentally paid it out to some one, and did not discover his loss until next day. Hoping to regain it he went to every bank in the city and left a description of his coin, thinking that the merchant who had it would deposit it with him. Sure enough the coin was presented and was given up to him by the cashier, who knew to whom it belonged but before it was called for was again paid out. In this way it came and went three different times, until finally it was paid out with several hundred silver dollars to a railroad contractor in Wilcox county. The coin was given up to him by the cashier, who knew to whom it belonged but before it was called for was again paid out. In this way it came and went three different times, until finally it was paid out with several hundred silver dollars to a railroad contractor in Wilcox county.

J. H. Lee, of Concord, had a jump of forty feet into eight feet of water on Tuesday, and under a misapprehension, and escaped un-

scathed except getting his feet wet. His little child had been playing at the well on the back porch, contrary to its mother's instructions, and a long plunge was heard. The child was across the street at a neighbor's, having first set the bucket going down into the well. The mother screamed as the noise was heard, and told the father that the child had fallen into the well. With a start the father went to the bottom and searched around, but could find no child, and finally concluding that it was a false alarm, was dragged up. Upon being asked if he didn't think he might have killed the child by jumping upon it, Mr. Lee replied that there was no chance of its living if it remained in there a minute, and he was willing to take the other chances.

Miss Hattie Eager, of Boston, treasurer of the North Georgia Improvement company, arrived in Murphy, N. C., last Saturday, and spent several days viewing that section. Miss Eager is endowed with an unusual amount of intellect, and has business qualifications rarely possessed by ladies. Although she has been connected with several enterprises in North Georgia for the past eight years, this is her first trip south, and she expresses herself as being delighted with the beauty and picturesque of the country, especially that portion she has seen in this country. Miss Eager is sister of Mr. George Eager, of the Marietta and North Georgia railway.

The Dawson Journal, noticing the fact that an exchange is still prodding Joe Brown, feels called upon to say that "the performance reminds one of a goat after a bull."

Dawson Journal: To Rev. Sam Small—The Dawson girls are opposed to third parties.

Ald Aunt Annie Player, a colored woman, lives in Wilcox county, in this state, and has attained the extraordinary age of 118 years. She was the slave of R. N. Player. She was blind at the age of 110 years, but at the age of 116 she recovered her eyesight. There are more old people in Wilcox county than in any county of equal population in Georgia.

A sensation has been spoiled in Terrell county. A report had been circulated over the county that a white man had recently married a negro woman near Chickasawhatchee. Upon investigation, however, both parties have been found to be negroes. It seems that Green Brown, a mulatto with a very slight sprinkling of negro blood in his veins, married Carrie Jordan, a full-blooded descendant of Ham, the ceremony being performed by Pastor Peter Harris, colored. By some persons it was reported that the bride was a white man, but, in truth, he has never claimed to be anything but a negro, has always associated with negroes and been recognized as one.

Mr. John Jones, living near Fairburn, has an old family house that is sure and caring for a young rat, bestowing as much attention to this adopted child as she does her own kittens, with which the rat gets along peaceably.

MADISON IS MOVING.

The Citizens Fully Believe in an Irreversible Boop.

MADISON, Ga., May 11.—[Special.]—Your correspondent today met a prominent Athens gentleman, and in speaking of the Athens and Macon railroad, the gentleman remarked that he was sorry such a road had ever been projected, and that he was sorry it was ever built. He said that he was sorry it was ever built, and that he was sorry it was ever built.

Madison today has the brightest future of any city in the state. It is a city of the future, and it is a city of the future. It is a city of the future, and it is a city of the future.

Madison is the best place I know of for a young man to begin life in, and if I were a young man looking for a place to locate, I would go to Madison. It is a city of the future, and it is a city of the future.

The reporter remarked that he did not wish Athens any harm, but he is rejoiced at the future of Madison. It is a city of the future, and it is a city of the future.

In days that are past there existed a rivalry between Athens and Madison, and for a long time it was doubtful which would gain the upper hand. Finally Athens obtained an outlet by the Northeastern railroad and distanced her little city in the race along the highway of prosperity, and Athens has grown to be a city of some note as a commercial and educational center. At last Madison has been blessed with another outlet, and promises to become at least of the foremost cities of Georgia.

The Coroner's Duty at Work.

COVINGTON, Ga., May 11.—[Special.]—The coroner's jury will investigate the mysterious murder of Marcus Olson, which occurred last Monday night. A negro named John Smith was charged with the crime, and several facts have been proven that point to him as the murderer. It has been shown that he had a grudge against the victim, and that he was seen on the night of the murder carrying a knife, and that he was seen on the night of the murder carrying a knife.

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## BY THE NECK.

George McDuffie Hanged in Greensboro.

The Murder of Cheney by His Jealous Pastor—The Large Crowd Present—Last Scenes Around the Gallows.

GREENSBORO, Ga., May 11.—[Special.]—Justice has been vindicated, and George McDuffie has paid the penalty of murder with his life.

From an early hour this morning, despite the fact that the hanging was to be private, crowds began to gather in town. The crowd about the jail was immense, while the streets were equally thronged.

Last night McDuffie spent a restless, uneasy night, and by early sunlight this morning was pacing up and down his cell, singing in a loud, monotonous tone, a disconnected invocation. When his breakfast was brought him he scarcely tasted it, and as soon as the doors swung shut, he again began his song. "Yes, a few minutes after 8 o'clock this morning, a reporter of True Construction visited him in his cell. A good crowd had gathered around the jail, listening to the song of McDuffie. As the reporter stepped in the jail, McDuffie didn't cease for a moment his loud recitation, and as he sang, Mr. George Eager, of the Marietta and North Georgia railway, his head thrown up, his eyes closed and keeping time to his song with the clapping of his hands.

"Good-bye my sisters and my brothers," he chanted, "I soon will be done with my grieving heart. Good-bye, Oh, yes, thank God, I'm going home to live with God."

From the pallet to the east wall, then back again from the pallet to the west wall, singing all the time, without a moment's pause, he never noticed the reporter's presence, but continued singing:

"I am done with the trials of the world. My suffering on earth is over. Good-bye, mourners, good-bye!" Back and forth the loud monotonous tone never changing. At one time he stepped in the center of the cell, and raised his eyes.

"Oh, don't you see the bright angels?" he said, and then concluded, "They will be done," and again took up his march.

At last the reporter spoke to him. "How do you feel, Mac?"

"Oh, I feel bad, boss, bad, but I'm satisfied to go."

"Are you sorry for your crime?"

"Yes, heartily sorry. I rely on Jesus Christ for my salvation."

Being asked if he felt sorry for his crime not because it brought him to the gallows, but because he was a cut-throat, he said, "I don't feel sorry for it, but I feel sorry for the man who killed me. I feel sorry for the man who killed me."

He said he fully realized that he had to die, and in a few hours, he was ready to go; he had made his peace with God. He said he rested only tolerably well, though he felt it was a horrible thing to be hung.

At 10 o'clock, three times about half an hour at a time. When I was made up, I was sitting with God. A man feels horrible to die. I feel like I was pulling loose from everything, but I know I must die. I believe I ought to die, for the Bible says so. Last night I thought I heard somebody call me. I raised, but I didn't see nobody. I have turned all hope."

"No, no, I'd take to my heels before I'd have a fuss, and I'd take to my heels from a child, much less a man."

Here McDuffie began his chant, taking up the same words and repeating them over in the same tone of voice.

The crowd, which by 10 o'clock thronged the streets and congregated about the jail, was one of the largest ever seen in Greensboro. At 11:40 he came up the steps, and was led into the room in the upper story. He was cool and collected, and before being seated on the pallet, took a few minutes to chew of tobacco. As he sat down he adjusted the coat which seemed to be a little tight. Rev. Levi Thornton spoke at great length to him. "I'm soon to meet death," said McDuffie, "but I'm not afraid. It is only a short while before you will be with me, only a short while, if it is a hundred years."

He was perfectly cool, not a tremor was in his voice, and he sat with his hands crossed over his knees. Speaking of his feelings relative to the execution, he said, "I feel that I am soon to meet death, and I feel that I am soon to meet death."

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Carolina. In November last he was captured near Abbeville, and Sheriff English, of this county, went for him, brought him back and lodged him in jail. Upon his arrest, McDuffie feigned insanity, but shortly recovered.

Last March he was tried before Judge Jenkins, found guilty and sentenced to die on May 11th. Since his death sentence he has stubbornly held on to hope and believed his neck would yet be saved.

Only a few weeks ago he had lost hope and then began ostensibly to prepare for death, singing and praying all night.

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## A DESTRUCTIVE WORM.

**Its Remarkable Powers and the Methods of  
Its Work—How Logs May Be Pro-  
tected From Its Ravages.**

CUMBERLAND ISLAND, Ga., May 1.—It was while walking aimlessly along the edge of an ancient wharf, or dock, which extends many yards into the sea, that the correspondent's attention was directed to the singular aspect of many of the supporting piles of the structure which upheld the timbers above him. It was, at that moment, extreme low tide. Indeed, the forenoon ripples of the rough, young, foaming sea, were lapping the plash gently against the barnacled and wave-worn beams, and the long reaches of glistening muck were thirstily drinking in the advancing waters. Thus even to its outer verge one could almost see the water enter the piles and to the point where they entered the jelly-like mud of the surface.

As already stated, the dock upon which your correspondent stood was an old one. In years long since the granite and cargoes of Baltimore and New England granite and cargoes of Baltimore brick which are now built into the massive walls of Fort Clinch, had been landed here. The floors were sunken, the planks broken or missing, and at every receding of the water it gave up a new and different view of the old wharf, and waves as ransom for the safety of the rest. And

[illegible]

To drop metaphor, the cause, as I found, of the singular lack of many of the supports, was due to the sea-creepers, crabs, and worms, or pilings. Just at a water mark, and on a pile, I found a few below it, I saw the stanchest timbers wasted away until I could have spanned their circumference with my hand. The same was the case with the other timbers. I have done this. It was the work of that dread enemy of wharf owners and ship masters, the teredo navalis. Now, I could account for the singularity of the situation. The worms were in places. The worms would attack a pile and, with his numerous comrades, eat and eat away the wood until it was absolutely honey-combed. The waves would then complete the work.

As stated, the point of attack chosen by

these bivalvular pests, in a pile, is from about fifteen inches below up to high-water mark. This generally breaks the timber at about midway between the wharf and the surface of the earth. Imagine a pile of timber of a diameter of one or two inches, and a half, completely filled with long, tortuous channels, varying from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch, and running from outer edge to outer edge. Now, as thin as is this sheet upon which I write these lines, as thin as the transparent division against which the golden honey resses in the waxen comb, so thin are the walls between each of the actual channels which mark the passage and progress of the worm through

the doomed timber. As singular as it may seem, they never break through; they never disturb each other or trespass upon each other's territory. There may be a thousand of them in a single pile, but no instance has yet been found in which one of these passage ways intersected another or trampled upon another's domain. They may all be lying at once

right of way. They may all be boring at once—some up, some down, some laterally, some obliquely—and they may make their division walls as thin as it pleases them, but there is never an infraction of this law of absolute inviolability of each individual's right of way.

It will easily be apprehended, therefore, how quickly a timber thus riddled will be

worn away by the constant attrition of the tides, until it finally breaks, and brings with it in its fall the beam above, of which it was the support.

A study of the history and habits of this singular worm will be found neither uninteresting nor unprofitable. Its habitat was orig-

inally in the tropic seas, but being carried in the timbers of vessels into North American and European waters, it has become the terror and dread of wharfmén and captains of unsheathed sailing craft along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the harbors of numbers of Mediterranean cities.

According to the classification of Linnaeus, this bivalve belongs to the family Pholadidae, and genus teredo, so called from their habit of destroying ship or other timber. The shell is equal valved, and in form it is short, thick and round and widely open in front and rear. This shell is situated at the inner end of a

tube, somewhat cylindrical in shape, and either straight or crooked, as the case may be; this tube being open at each end in the full grown specimens, and lined or coated with a white, chalky paste or substance, which seems to be its digestive apparatus. The weapon of the teredo is not its teeth, as might be sup-

posed. This singular animal has still another peculiarity, dependant, however, upon the one last mentioned, for since its instrument is its foot, so it feeds itself not from the mouth, but from the foot itself. The valves above noted are simply appendages of the foot. In fact, if a tereido should have his foot amputated he would in a most vital

sense "lose his grip." In the center of the circular opening of the valves the foot is protruded, like the blade concealed in a spring cane, and the entire arrangement constitutes a boring machine of power inconceivable in so small an object. But the strength of this machine becomes apparent when, upon a

closer examination, one notes the strong rubber-like ridges of the valves, which can contract with great force, and the comparatively immense size of the great adductor muscle which enables the teredo to use his sharp foot with the ease of an auger passing through the softest pine.

This worm attains often a great length, but it is usually from one foot to a yard long, its size depending on the length of time it has been in the wood, and frequently on the size of the wood itself. It is provided with two respiratory tubes, each of which has a syphon attached to a calcareous, flattened, triangular

plate on the outside of the body. It has two heads, if such they can be called, attached to the extremity of a tube much smaller than the main trunk, and which are each (the small tubes) about six inches long; or, in other words, the main body splits into two small tubes at about a foot or six inches from where

the head in a teredo, and where the tail would be in a snake. This worm is ovoviparous, and when the young are born (with a smooth shell) they swim around by means of a vibratile cilia; sometimes creeping with the foot until old enough to begin work on a piece of wood. A good, nice, new pile having been selected, they fasten themselves to the wood by

means of the suction apparatus in their heads, strike in with their foot and bore inwardly until only the head remains outside. Then they fasten themselves to the opening, flush with its vore edge, just as a clerk will fasten sheets of paper together by turning over the sides of a brass clamp, and henceforward their

sole aim, object and ambition in life is to grow, bore and make sawdust. Small when they enter, they could no more creep backward out of their original hole after feasting a month or two on a rich pine log than a camel could go through the eye of a needle.

genus Isopoda, which is a minute sessile-eyed crustacean, and which eats into the piles several feet below the low water mark, and in vast numbers. But in destructive power these latter cannot equal the teredo. I have seen a specimen of a pile attacked by the teredo, and one channel, beginning almost as small as the

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**Its Remarkable Powers and the Methods of  
Its Work—How Logs May Be Pro-**

Still another species of this log-eater is the form classified by Leach, *Limnoria Terebrans*, genus Isopoda, which is a minute sessile-eyed rustacean, and which eats into the piles several feet below the low water mark, and in vast numbers. But in destructive power these cannot equal the teredo. I have seen a specimen of a pile attacked by the teredo, and a channel, beginning almost as small as the

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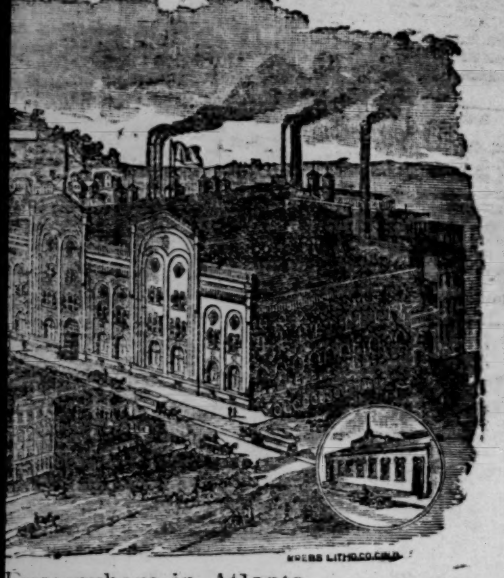
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**RAILROAD SCHEDULE.**

**RAILROAD OF GEORGIA**

Atlanta and Jacksonville, Fla., and intermediate points, April 22, 1888.

Trains will run daily, as follows, except those marked, which are run on Sunday only.

Train	Time	Train	Time
1	7:15 am	2	2:20 pm
3	8:15 am	3	3:20 pm
4	9:15 am	4	4:20 pm
5	10:15 am	5	5:20 pm
6	11:15 am	6	6:20 pm
7	12:15 pm	7	7:20 pm
8	1:15 pm	8	8:20 pm
9	2:15 pm	9	9:20 pm
10	3:15 pm	10	10:20 pm
11	4:15 pm	11	11:20 pm
12	5:15 pm	12	12:20 pm
13	6:15 pm	13	1:20 am
14	7:15 pm	14	2:20 am
15	8:15 pm	15	3:20 am
16	9:15 pm	16	4:20 am
17	10:15 pm	17	5:20 am
18	11:15 pm	18	6:20 am
19	12:15 am	19	7:20 am
20	1:15 am	20	8:20 am
21	2:15 am	21	9:20 am
22	3:15 am	22	10:20 am
23	4:15 am	23	11:20 am
24	5:15 am	24	12:20 pm
25	6:15 am	25	1:20 pm
26	7:15 am	26	2:20 pm
27	8:15 am	27	3:20 pm
28	9:15 am	28	4:20 pm
29	10:15 am	29	5:20 pm
30	11:15 am	30	6:20 pm
31	12:15 pm	31	7:20 pm
32	1:15 pm	32	8:20 pm
33	2:15 pm	33	9:20 pm
34	3:15 pm	34	10:20 pm
35	4:15 pm	35	11:20 pm
36	5:15 pm	36	12:20 pm
37	6:15 pm	37	1:20 am
38	7:15 pm	38	2:20 am
39	8:15 pm	39	3:20 am
40	9:15 pm	40	4:20 am
41	10:15 pm	41	5:20 am
42	11:15 pm	42	6:20 am
43	12:15 am	43	7:20 am
44	1:15 am	44	8:20 am
45	2:15 am	45	9:20 am
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97	6:15 am	97	1:20 pm
98	7:15 am	98	2:20 pm
99	8:15 am	99	3:20 pm
100	9:15 am	100	4:20 pm

Notice to Brick and Lumber Dealers.

SEALED PROPOSALS ARE INVITED FOR THE following bids of quantities for the Chattahoochee building at Salt Springs, Ga.

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